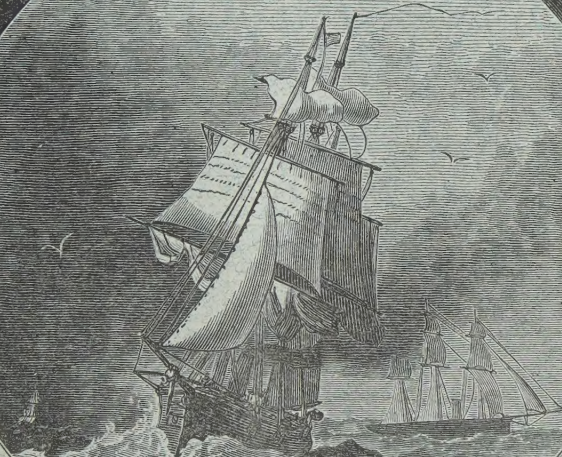


*W. G. Moore - Br 1820*

The

1823 1885

# Sailors Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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## THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

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## THE SHIPYARDS OF BATH, ME.

THEIR PLACE IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN COMMERCE.

BATH, ME., September 18th, 1885.

Nowhere is the Kennebec River broader and deeper than here. From the "Reach" to the "Chops" (the entrance to Merry-meeting Bay) the navies of the world might ride at anchor, and the largest ships approach within a stone's throw of the hospitable old mansions of this famous shipbuilding city. No wonder, then, that these natural advantages of the harbor, together with another advantage which the locality no longer possesses, viz., an abundance of timber along the river bank, early made this place a shipbuilding and shipowning centre. And though now these shores are completely stripped of the lordly oaks that once towered close to the water's edge, and though now every stick of timber put into a ship built here has to be brought from afar, yet so powerful is

the prestige of Bath, and so great the efficiency of her ships, that she stands to-day the largest shipbuilding city of the United States, and the largest wooden shipbuilding city of the world. She owns, too, in the ships she builds, and it is believed that New York alone leads her in the amount of tonnage owned. Shipbuilding and the commerce that has followed on ship owning have made this city, and have made it one of the wealthiest, proportionately to its size, in the country, and the wealthiest, proportionately, in the State. With a population of about 7,000, Bath has an assessed valuation of \$5,913,192. Portland and Bangor are the only cities ahead of it in valuation, for Lewiston, though assessed far more now, is largely owned by corporations outside the State. Bangor with a

population of over two and one-half times as many, has a valuation of only \$8,738,605. Bath has five National banks, and two savings banks, Portland with over 30,000 population, has only one bank more.

The history of this little city is the history of American shipping. She reached her greatest prosperity in the earlier fifties,—the palmiest years of the American merchant marine,—and to-day, with the outlook for shipping more discouraging than ever before, business here is in a state of stagnation. Strangely enough, but in the light of history most fittingly, the first vessel built in America was built only a few miles below where Bath now stands, and built on the river whose broad bosom has been the first to receive to its embrace more ships than any other river on the Continent. In 1607 the ill-fated Popham colony landed at the mouth of the Kennebec in the ships *Gift of God* and *Mary and John*. In the winter that followed they launched a little vessel of thirty tons burthen, the *Virginia of Sagadahoc*, pioneer of that great fleet that has since sailed out of this river on a maiden voyage to take part in the commerce of the world.

In 1745 vessel-building began at Bath; small coasters for the West Indian trade, taking out codfish and lumber and bringing back rum and molasses. The year 1762 saw the first ship built here, the *Earl of Bute*, built for a Scotchman. During the Revolution a privateer was built here, but from the close of the Revolution to the War of 1812, complications with England and France retarded shipbuilding and not much was done. After the close of the War, and especially

after 1815, when Congress passed the law forbidding any foreign vessel to bring goods to America except from that country to which the vessel belonged, shipbuilding revived. From this time to the decline of the American merchant marine, Bath sailed on the flood tide of prosperity. Foreign traders followed the early coasters, and Bath ships were often the first to carry the American flag into distant seas. Then came the cotton ships, and it was during the cotton ship era that there was built at Bath the largest merchantman afloat, the *Rappahannock*, built by Clark & Sewall, 179½ feet long, 37 feet beam, and of 1,133 tons register. People flocked from all over the country to see her launch. The census report speaks thus of her:—"Her great size astonished everybody, and it was a general prediction that she would be a failure: It was not believed that there was foreign commerce enough to occupy such a vessel, and it was declared that even the Rothschilds could not afford to own her, and that she would be sure destruction to the fortunes of whoever undertook to employ her. The *Rappahannock* was a bluff-bowed, full and long-bottomed ship, narrower on deck than below, and full rigged. Her scantling was no larger than that of a 300 ton schooner of the present day, and the fastening throughout would now be considered light. She ran as a packet to Liverpool in the summer time, and as a cotton ship from New Orleans in the winter." It is said that freights dropped in New Orleans when she was reported below. But still the famous old ship, in spite of many dire predictions, was a great success. She ploughed the seas for twenty-one years, and finally



foundered, carrying coals in the Mediterranean. Along with the cotton ships came the clippers which ran between New York and Liverpool. Steam did not easily displace these graceful lined, smooth sailing ships, for they made nearly as good time as the early steamers.

With the discovery of gold in California, clipper ship-building reached its highest point of development. Great was the flow of money now into the pockets of Bath owners. But in 1857 came the crisis which only the strongest lived through, and this year began the decline of the merchant marine, that reaction in shipping which England made her opportunity. In this year it is estimated there were in the California trade over 100 large ships that were not needed, for California had not then become a great wheat State, but nevertheless produced nearly enough agricultural products to supply the needs of its people, and to render them independent of the East. The rapid inroad of steam, and finally the War with its high rates of insurance, and the destruction wrought by the Confederate cruisers, gave the last blow. The shipyards of the large cities closed, and never reopened.

The year 1865 saw the end of the reaction. Many ships had been transferred to foreign flags, many more had been wrecked, or destroyed by Confederate cruisers. Above all the California wheat fields had begun to produce their golden crops, which brought down the valleys of the Sacramento, San Joaquin or Willamette, were carried from San Francisco or Portland by sailing ships around the Horn to English or Continental ports. Freights rose to a high

figure. Bath yards which even during the War had never entirely closed, now began work with redoubled vigor. The ships built were for the California trade, and were medium clippers of large size.

For a dozen years this trade has been very profitable, but two dangers now threaten it. The first and most important is the English iron sailing ship. What English steamers have done to drive the American ship from the Atlantic trade, this the English iron sailing ship is doing in the Pacific. This ship doesn't cost her English owner much more than the wooden ship costs the American owner. Her expenses for repairs are less, her carrying capacity is as great, and she delivers her cargo in better condition than the American ship of any age. For these reasons she gets a much higher freight. An English iron ship twenty years old will command as high a freight as the finest American wooden ship fresh from the stocks.

The other danger that threatens the American ship is the rapid development of the wheat fields of Southern Russia and India, and the building of railroads in those countries. It should be remembered also that England herself raises no inconsiderable amount of wheat annually. These causes have depressed the rates of freight in San Francisco from \$20 a ton in 1872 to \$6.25 to-day. The outlook is gloomy enough. If the California trade goes, all is over with Bath. The East India trade is of no account now, and besides recent volcanic disturbances in Indian waters have made navigation dangerous, and insurance companies have in consequence raised their rates to an exorbitant figure.

All this has already had its natural depressing effect on Bath. In the halcyon days of the early fifties Bath wharves were crowded with new ships. In 1854 thirty-five vessels, eleven of them from 1,080 to 1,580 tons register, were launched here. At one time in this period twenty-five square-rigged vessels lay at the wharves receiving sails and outfits. To-day in all the yards of Bath only three large vessels are being built. Two of these are being built on con-

tract, and it is a fact that carries a sad story with it that but one of the old ship-building families shows its faith in the future of American shipping by building at the present time. Generally throughout this little city those who have had such a famous share in the construction and ownership of vessels, when asked about the prospect, dubiously shake their heads. They foresee harder times yet for their city and themselves. —*N. Y. Tribune, Sept. 24th, 1885.*

### U. S. LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

As a rule the literature that emanates from the Government Printing Office at Washington is not of the kind that one would select to while away a leisure hour on a summer afternoon, but there is now and then an oasis in this literary Sahara as fresh and inviting as a weary and thirsty mind could wish to see. Such a departure from the general dryness and baldness of the official document is witnessed in the annual report of the Life-Saving Service of the United States, where one may read of deeds of heroism, devotion and self-sacrifice stranger than fiction, because they are true. The service is, by the nature of it, extremely perilous, requiring frequent exposure in storms and tempests on rugged coasts and in dangerous surfs. The men engaged in this occupation must be ready for duty at all hours of day and night, and are expected to face undauntedly all perils that may arise. The worst period for wrecks is in midwinter, when the coasts are deserted and dreary and the surf beats and the gales blow with the greatest fury. Few scenes occur more wild and terrible than

may be depicted in these reports of vessels stranded on rocky coasts, oft-times on winter nights, when the brave crews are benumbed with cold and have their garments frozen stiff upon them. The elements of peculiar interest are added by the signals of distress from the wrecked vessels, the manning of the life-boats, the battling with angry and icy waves, the rescue of terrified men and women and the many exhibitions of coolness and daring that such emergencies call forth.

The great utility of the Life-Saving Service may be judged from the fact that since the present system was introduced in 1871, the total number of disasters which have occurred within the scope of life-saving operations has been 2,547, the amount of property involved \$47,129,314, the number of persons involved 23,217, the amount of property saved \$32,898,346, the number of persons rescued 22,771, the number of lives lost 446. During the year ending June 30th 1884, there were three hundred and thirty-seven disasters to documented vessels within the field of station operations. On board these vessels



there were four thousand two hundred and fifty-three persons, of whom four thousand two hundred and thirty-seven were saved, and only sixteen lost. The estimated value of the vessels was \$7,075,975, and that of their cargoes \$3,454,050, making the total value of the property involved \$10,530,025. Of this amount, \$9,090,134 was saved, and \$1,439,891 lost. The number of vessels totally lost was sixty-four. There were, besides, one hundred and two disasters to smaller craft, such as sail-boats, row-boats, etc., on which were one hundred and seventy-nine persons, one hundred and seventy-five of whom were saved and four lost. The total value of property involved in the latter disasters was \$77,915, of which \$71,220 was saved and \$6,695 lost. The greatest number of disasters during the year occurred in the Fourth District, which embraces the coast from Sandy Hook to Cape Henlopen. There were sixty-five disasters to vessels in this district during the year and thirteen vessels totally lost. The number of persons saved was 1,163, lost 13, and property saved to the value of \$2,960,440.

Accompanying the regular reports from the stations are particular accounts of the efforts made at the rescue of wrecked vessels. One of the most thrilling of these narratives is that of the attempts made to save the crew of the bark *Elmina* that went ashore near the Long Beach station on the night of the 8th of January, 1884. It was on one of the coldest and darkest nights of the winter, and a furious gale was blowing. The vessel was discovered in a helpless condition about night-fall. In the driving storm and spray the bark could only be

faintly discerned lying on her side with the waves breaking over her. Preparations were immediately begun to effect a rescue. Finally, after many efforts, a line was thrown over the wreck, but for some reason, never known, the men on the vessel failed to do their part in establishing the communication, and the life-boat could not be sent to their relief. Other means of rescue there were none, and the watchers on the beach were compelled to look helplessly on through the long night while the doomed bark with its crew went to destruction. "Towards morning," says the narrator, "it was felt that the end was near. Through the dreadful chaos of the tempest, the vague shape of the vessel could be half seen, careened northward, swarmed over with breakers, the masts almost dipping in the sea. It was evident that the hull must soon be smashed to pieces under the weight of the avalanches flung upon it, and no praise is too great for the indomitable men who held their perilous ground so staunchly, obdurate in the resolution to save what dying wretches chance might sweep near the shore. The beach at length became so overswept that to maintain a foothold on it was impossible. Even then, when the necessity of retreat was forced upon them, the yearning to rescue any castaways that might get near kept them from falling back to the beach-hills. There was an old wreck, the remnant of a hull, on the beach near by, upon which the sand had gradually accumulated, forming a sort of huge mound or hummock. To this elevation they betook themselves in a body. The surf-boat was there as a means of escape, and they were still near the breakers, which momentarily

hurled sheeting seas of foam around the base of their place of outlook. From this post they still kept watch upon the sea. About three o'clock there was heard through the deafening tumult a faint but ominous crashing of timbers. Every eye was strained upon the gloom. The vessel had disappeared. At the same moment both parts of the whip-line snapped near the shore. All was over."

The Government maintains two hundred and one stations in the service, of which one hundred and fifty-six are on the Atlantic coast, thirty-seven on the lakes, seven on the Pacific and one at the Falls of the Ohio, Louisville, Kentucky. The latter performed valuable service in saving life and property during the great floods of 1884. Each station is manned with a crew of six surfmen, which is increased by one or more men during the stormy months. Each station is provided with life-boats, signal lights and guns, rockets, apparatuses for throwing lines over wrecks, besides provisions and re-

storatives for people rescued or thrown ashore. Besides the regular life stations there are on the coast of Florida a series of Houses of Refuge not having crews, but only a keeper, who, after every storm, is required to make extended excursions along the coast with a view of ascertaining if any shipwreck has occurred, and finding and succoring any persons that may have been cast ashore. The station crews patrol the beach from two to five miles each side of their stations four times between sunset and sunrise, and if the weather is foggy the patrol is continued through the day. The work is exacting and the pay small, but members of crews are strictly forbidden to solicit rewards for their services in saving life and property, though they may receive such compensation if voluntarily bestowed. The life-saving organizations have in addition to their regular duties rendered noteworthy assistance to some branches of scientific inquiry, mainly in the province of marine zoölogy.—*N. Y. Observer.*

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### SANDY HOOK.

Sandy Hook is known to the many by a passing glance from a steamer or through a car window of the New Jersey Southern Railway. This glance reveals a low beach of sand six miles long and from half a mile to a mile in width, diversified on the northern end by the white towers of three light-houses, and near its junction with Wardell's Beach by a jungle of cedar, holly and oak timber, intertwined with grapevines, bushes and coarse grasses. The Hook is owned entirely by the United States Government, which

bought it in 1816 of the heirs of the original owner, and which now, with one exception, exclusively occupies it,—maintaining here, besides the three light-houses mentioned, a life-saving station, a storm-signal station, an ordnance proving-ground, and a fort. The only private interest allowed are the docks and terminal station of the New Jersey Southern Railway at Horseshoe Cove, on the North.

The tall tower, seventy feet high in the rear of the ordnance office is used by the Western Union



Telegraph Company to report the arrival of ships. It was of much more importance before the laying of the Atlantic cable than at present. Behind this, nearer the point of the cape, is the signal-service station, a square two-storied structure, which, but for the vanes and flying cup on its roof, might be taken for officers' quarters.

The sixty-three men who, with their families, compose the little community, are housed in barracks and in two large dwellings near the fort. All but three are in the Government employ. They live without clergyman or physician, church, school, or post-office, and yet are neither a sickly nor unhappy people. They call themselves the "exiles of Sandy Hook." Every winter there are two or three merry-makings.

Rising above the chaparral, a short distance on the north, is the white tower of the light-house,—the main light, for there are two others on the sands. The main light is, I believe, the oldest light-house on the Atlantic Coast, having been erected in 1762-4 by private subscriptions and the proceeds of a lottery held for that purpose. During the war of the Revolution a company of Tory refugees captured it, quenching its light and using it as a stronghold from which to make sorties on the neighboring Whig communities. At length the Whigs planned a reprisal, and a party of Monmouth county militia with two six-pounders, under command of General David Forman, made a spirited attack on the novel fortress; but as an armed vessel of the British fleet, then in the bay, quickly approached to the relief of the garrison, they were obliged to withdraw, unsuccessful. A cannon ball found imbedded in the structure

while some repairs were being made recently is thought to be a relic of this attack. Thickets of bayberry, beech, plum, and stunt-cedars surround the light-house, with larger timber in the hollows, in which are many lovely and romantic glades. In one of these we find, under gloomy cedars, one of those pathetic "God's acres" scattered so thickly along our stormy coasts, and devoted to the unknown dead cast up by the sea. A rude fence surrounds it, and there are a few graves with headstones, but most are unmarked. We noted down two of the most characteristic inscriptions:—

"Captain James Swain, of Cape May, New Jersey, aged 49 years, was wrecked and drowned, together with his sons, William and James, and three other men, at Sandy Hook, Jan. 23, A.M., 1808."

"Here lieth the body of Thomas Kent, of Longport, Staffordshire, England, who departed this life suddenly on the 2nd of May, 1828, on board the ship *New York*, Captain Bennet, near Sandy Hook, in which vessel he had left the city of New York with his wife and family only the day before, on his return to his native country."

The sea-side cemetery, however, gives no hint of the saddest casualty on these sands. Up to 1808 a chaste monument of marble stood on the beach, about a mile below the light-house, bearing this inscription:—"Here lie the remains of the Honorable Hamilton Douglass Haliburton, son of Sholto Charles, Earl of Morton, and heir of the ancient family of Haliburton, of Pitcur, in Scotland, who perished on this coast with twelve more young gentlemen and one common sailor, in the spirited discharge of duty, the 30th or 31st



of December, 1783. Born October the 10th, 1763. A youth who, in contempt of hardship and danger, though possessed of an ample fortune, served seven years in the British Navy with a manly courage. He seemed deserving of a better fate." "To his dear memory and that of his unfortunate companions this monumental stone is erected by his unhappy mother, Katharine, Countess Dowager of Morton." The stone bore the names of James Champion, Lieutenant of Marines; Alexander Johnston, George Paddy, Robert Heywood, midshipmen; Charles Gascoigne. Andrew Hamilton, William Scott, David Reddie, William Tomlinson, John McClair, William Spray and Robert Wood, young gentlemen, and of George Towers, sailor. These unfortunates formed the crew of a boat belonging to H. M. S. *Assistance*, of which Mr. Haliburton was First Lieutenant. On the day mentioned they had gone out in pursuit of a body of deserters, and on their return were overtaken by a violent snow-storm and cast away here, their bodies being found frozen on the beach and buried in a common grave. The monument remained standing until 1808, when, according to tradition, some persons from a French man-of-war landed and destroyed it.

The coast here is as wild and desolate as though a thousand miles from the metropolis, in striking contrast to its neighbor, Coney Island, opposite. The wind shrills chilly down the coast; barnacled rocks and timbers protrude from the sand. The white sunshade of an artist is the only thing suggesting man's occupancy. A mile down we come out on Wardell's Beach, the long narrow strip of sand connecting the Hook with the main-

land of New Jersey, and now the roadbed of the New Jersey Southern Railway. It is a mere thread of sand six miles long, the ocean on one side and the Shrewsbury River on the other. In 1778 the sea broke through here, forming an inlet, navigable until 1810, when another gale closed it up. On the 16th of January, 1831, a terrible storm again overran the frail barrier, and Sandy Hook once more became an island, remaining so until 1848, when the present beach was formed. It is still a favorite target for the sea, and few heavy storms pass without cutting gaps in its sides. The railway has a constant struggle to maintain its tracks. A case in point the writer observed here at the neck two or three winters ago. Piles to which stout planks had been bolted had been broken, twisted and wrenched until they lay a mass of kindling wood; the track illustrated the folly of building on sand; it spanned ravines, hung on the edges of miniature precipices, and zigzagged for a mile in a way suggestive of a long interruption of travel.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

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### St. John.

Not the evangelist this time, nor yet the prohibitionist; but the city of that name in the province of New Brunswick. As a summer resort for the weary worker, and as a center from which to make delightful excursions, St. John offers peculiar attractions. If you have already taken your vacation this season, put it down in your memory or note-book against the heat of next summer's dog-days. Out of my own experience I offer my brethren a bit of advice.



St. John is situated upon a tongue of land projecting into the Bay of Fundy, whose marvelous tides (of seventy feet) are perhaps nowhere surpassed. It contains a population of about 27,000, of whom it is said that in the remotest part of Canada a St. John man is promptly recognized by two possessions which are not supposed to go together,—a sound digestion and a pocket cork-screw. What use a St. John man, of all others, might have for the latter implement does not at once appear; but the excellence of his digestive powers may be attributed to two causes combined:—the tonic of the atmosphere he breathes, and the steepness of the hills he climbs. For the city is built upon a solid ledge of rock. Its finest and most fashionable thoroughfare, King Street, half a mile in length, passes from water to water, over an ascent of some eighty feet. From the heights a charming view of land and water may be obtained; and there are beautiful drives in various directions.

The tide at this point has a rise and fall of about thirty feet, and one of the curiosities of the place is the method of loading and unloading vessels at the wharves. The vessels are grounded at high tide, and when the water has receded wagons are driven on the sand and mud alongside, by means of which the cargo is received or discharged.

A more remarkable effect of the tide is seen just above the city, where the waters of the St. John River, 450 miles in length, come rushing into the harbor through a chasm in the rocks only 150 yards in width, and down a fall of some fifteen feet. This when the tide is low. But at the full tide the movement is the other way, and

the water actually flows *up-stream*, making rapids on the other side of the ledge. Only one other place is known where this feat of nature is on exhibition. At other times you would search in vain for any rapids at all, and steamers would be seen making their way up or down over placid waters. Here is the type of many a fitful Christian, in whose soul a conflict is forever waging between the powers of good and ill, with little real permanent gain to either, and with only now and then a season of peace.

Just below this curiosity an elegant suspension bridge crosses the rocky chasm, at a height of 70 feet above high water and with a span of 640 feet. It was built in 1852, at a cost of \$80,000, and is a fine specimen of engineering skill. Between the bridge and the falls is just now being completed a cantilever bridge for the use of the New Brunswick Railway, which heretofore has landed its passengers and freight at Carleton, and ferried them across the river.

Carleton itself is a part of St. John, though separated from the city on the one side by the river and on the other by the neighboring city of Portland, which, though a distinct municipality, is practically identical with St. John. Here, at Carleton, are the remains of the fort of La Tour, whose heroic wife, in the absence of her husband, defended it against his treacherous foe. Here, too, is a Martello Tower, formerly used as a magazine of powder, dating back to 1812, and which gives a feudal look to the landscape; also a long and massive breakwater, at the farther end of which is a lighthouse.

St. John is a city of churches,



several of which are large, magnificent and expensive, costing not less than \$100,000 each.

Lack of space forbids detailed reference to the delightful ride up the splendid river St. John to Fredericton, the capital of the province. Why it is called "the celestial city," I do not know, unless it be because it is so far up, being eighty-four miles by boat from St. John. The ride is charming, the scenery along the lower part of the river being not unlike that along the Hudson, while further up it resembles that along the Connecticut. Take the *Star* and see it for yourself.

The summer temperature at St. John is all that one could wish who comes from "America," as the States are called. The average temperature for the month of August for ten years was 59.8°, while the thermometer during the same period never registered higher than 84°. And yet the natives complain of the heat when the mercury is in the neighborhood of 72°. So variable is human nature! And they go to parts beyond to escape the severity of the season.

When you visit St. John next summer, take your overcoat and a genial friend or two, and I warrant you will have a cool and happy time. Go by the International Steamship line, and stop at the Dufferin, the Royal or the Waverly.—*E. C. E., in Congregationalist.*

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### An Ocean Monarch—The Largest Wooden Ship Afloat.

The marine monster that has been lying on the stocks at Carlton, Norwood & Co.'s yard, Rockport, Me., for about a year, has

been consigned to her native element. The four masted ship *Frederick Billings* was launched in the morning, August 11th, amid the cheers of 10,000 spectators. The first four masted ship ever built in the United States was the world renowned *Great Republic*, which was launched about a quarter of a century ago. The second launching of a four masted American ship occurred more than a decade ago. She was the *Ocean King*, built by J. Henry Sears of Boston. Since then no four masted ship has been built in North America, although a large number of four masted schooners have been constructed, both on the Atlantic sea-board and also on the great western lakes. Blaikie and McLellan of Londonderry, Nova Scotia, will shortly launch a four masted ship of 2,000 tons register, which will be the first of that size built in the Provinces. Many large ships have been built in the States of Maine and Massachusetts, notably the *Henry B. Hyde*, *Donald McKay*, &c., but none has ever been of more than 2,500 tons net register (new measurement), excepting the ship just launched at Rockport. Four masted iron ships have been common in Great Britain, but until 1880 scarcely any of them were more than 2,200 register. Last year Russell & Co. of Glasgow, Scotland, built the iron four masted ship *Palgrave* of 3,100 tons net register, and this summer the same firm is out-doing itself by building a four masted steel sailing ship of 3,300 tons register. British four masted ships are invariably rigged with yards on their jigger masts, but the American has found out by the experience of these "lime juicers" that yards on the after-mast are not only useless but posi-



tively a nuisance. They cost more for running rigging, yards, sails, &c., than they are worth;—consequently the *Frederick Billings* carries nothing but a jigger and gaff topsail aft. The ship also carries double top-gallant yards and skysails on all three masts.

The *Frederick Billings* was designed by John Pascal of Rockport, Me. She was named after the ex-president of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Her tonnage is 2,628, and, considering the difference of the new measurements, but a trifle smaller than the *Great Republic*. The length of this ship is  $293\frac{1}{2}$  feet over all, keel 263 feet, beam 45 feet, depth of hold  $28\frac{1}{2}$  feet, draft 24 feet deeply laden. She is classed A 1 for fifteen years. Her frame is of Virginia white oak, with hard pine planking and ceiling. The masts are of Oregon pine, the main and foremast being 90 feet long, and the mizzen and jigger mast 88 feet. The distance from her deck to the main truck is 185 feet. Her fore and main yards are 90 feet long. She will spread 1,200 square yards of snowy white cotton canvas to the breeze. It will give a better idea of her huge proportions to say that her masts will extend 70 feet above the East River Bridge, and three of the four sections of the masts will have to be lowered in order to pass under that structure. The after house is 50 feet long; surrounded by a four foot poop, extending one-fourth the length of the ship. The cabins are elegantly finished in ash, mahogany, satin wood, cherry and walnut, lightly polished and embellished. The forward house is 54 feet long and fitted up for 24 men.

She will have 5 anchors and 180 fathoms of chains, the two heaviest anchors weighing each 7,000

pounds, the chains 25 tons, 24 inches in diameter. They were made by W. G. Alden of Camden, Me. Her total cost will be \$150,000, fitted ready for sea. She was metaled and rigged on the stocks before launching.

It took 4,500 sheets or pounds to copper her, and 9,500 pounds of oakum and 1,100 pounds of cotton to caulk her. She is furnished with patent iron pumps, steering gear, Providence, capstans and windlass, made by the American Ship Windlass Company. Unless the present intention of the owners should be changed, the *Frederick Billings* will load a cargo of more than 4,000 tons general merchandise, in Sutton & Co.'s Dispatch line, for San Francisco. The brokers for the ship at this port are Snow & Burgess, 66 South street, New York.—*N. Y. Marine Journal*.

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### Some Old Salts.

*The Traveller*, in its obituary notice of the late Captain DAVID S. BABCOCK, incidentally refers to the old school of American shipmasters, of which Captain Babcock was one. That reference or allusion induces me to recall the names of some of Captain Babcock's contemporaries, and it also induces me to say an additional word in regard to the character, training and position of a shipmaster of fifty years ago. Captain MARRYATT in his novel of "The Naval Officer," describes to an iota what the captain of a frigate was then, and what the chances for a midshipman were. But even Maryatt fell far short of the truth. In fact, the mercantile marine of the United States numbered among its most distinguished commanders the greatest brutes

that ever lived. The reason mainly was this:—a boy would enter the service as cabin boy. He was kicked and cuffed by all the officers. If he had natural intelligence he understood the motive. If he had more than natural intelligence he choked down the indignities and bided his time. What wonder, then, that a boy of this class, when he arrived at the distinction of master, should repeat the lessons thus early taught him?

In my fifty years' experience with shipmasters I have learned to make this distinction. The boy who was abused on his first voyage, waked up by a cruel first mate and a still more cruel captain, learned a tough lesson. Such a boy made the cruellest second mate, and a still more tyrannical first officer, and a very brute as captain. He was taking compound interest for the abuse he received when he confidently trusted his fortunes to a mild and Christian captain. He was soured at the start by ill treatment. Did he on his start desire to make himself a first-class sailor and navigator, his instructions came from the rope's end or the belaying pin. If he complained he was told "This is discipline on board ship," and with an oath he was ordered to submit. There was no resource; the captain was autocratic, and the mates were not slow in following the example.

This was the style of men who commanded the best ships out of the United States at the time Captain Babcock was in his prime as master of one of the finest ships out of New York. There were exceptions which I shall note. I knew most of his contemporaries, all gentlemen on shore, but between pilot and pilot, whether on

a long or a short voyage, just the opposite.

I don't propose to repeat the stories of BOB WATERMAN or BULLY REDMAN. Half of them had no foundation in fact. Waterman was a sailor, every inch, and if he did "knock down and drag out," he was not always to blame. His reputation generally drew to his ship a crew and officers who determined to see it out, and they did, Bob Waterman coming out first best. But there was a class of gentlemen (?) captains who were ugly and surly both to their officers and their men, and made their ships a "hell afloat,"—captains who could not distinguish a genuine sailor from a "soger," and who would treat their officers as though they had no rights beyond sleeping and eating aft. Captain DUMARESQUE, one of the most noted of American shipmasters, was of this class. He made it a point to knock down every one under him. Now and then he got "come up with." JACK B—— once entered his cabin on a peremptory summons. "Hold out your hands," said Captain D. "What for?" asked Jack. "My pleasure to put you in irons," at the same time drawing a pistol. Jack reached down to the leg of his boot and drew a sheath knife, and exclaimed, "— you —, but I will run you through." Such men were cowards as a general thing. Jack was allowed to retire. He is now living to tell the story for himself.

Captain A. A. BURWELL, who for many years was in the employ of JOHN A. MCGAW, FAIRFIELD, LINCOLN & Co., and ISAAC RICH, commanding such ships as the *Kentucky*, *Colombo*, *Anna Rich* and *Wilbur Fiske*, was a man who for more than forty years I thor-



oughly knew, but, paradoxical as it may seem, never thoroughly understood. Something in his early life or early experience had soured him. He was never known to treat an officer, a steward, a cabin-boy or a seaman decently. If an officer should approach him on the quarter-deck and offer a suggestion, his reply would be (with a sneer and a curl of the lip):—"Your duty, sir, is forward, not aft; when I want you I will send for you." He showed no partiality. His oldest son, who afterward became one of the most noted captains of the steamships in Warren's line, was no exception. He improved upon his father's discipline, and was a tyrant and master to the core.—*Boston, Mass., Saturday Evening Gazette.*

### Esquimau Endurance.

"The amount of cold these northern nomads can endure," says Lieutenant Schwatka, "borders on the phenomenal. I have seen the little babies, two and three years old, play, perfectly naked, for hours at a time, on the reindeer robes of the bed in the *igloo*, the temperature, as I have said, being constantly below freezing; and in the Fall I have seen them naked, playing and splashing in a pond of water, long needles of ice forming on the quiet places. I once saw an Esquimau baby boy taken from its mother's hood, and, naked, made to stand on the snow until she found its reindeer-skin clothing from the sledge, a fairly strong wind, sufficient to drift the loose snow along with it, blowing at the time, the thermometer minus thirty-eight degrees, the only protection it had being behind a sledge loaded about three feet high, around and over which the

wind poured. Its exposure thus was a good minute, and to appreciate this one must take a watch in his hand and see that length of time drag by, a time that a not unscientific but sensational writer might readily jot down as five or ten minutes. And I have known a naked man, surprised asleep in his *igloo* by a polar bear, hastily grasp a gun and pursue his enemy 200 or 300 yards in the snow, the thermometer fifteen to twenty degrees below zero, and slay him. These Esquimaux rub slushy snow, dipped in water, on the bottom of the runners of their sledges, with the open palms of the hands, until it freezes into solid ice, the thermometer being from zero to seventy below when I have known it to be done. I have seen an Esquimau traveler throw himself on the snow and rest comfortably for half an hour, the thermometer seventy-one degrees below zero, or 103 degrees below freezing, and probably doing some light work with ungloved hands.

"The Kinneptoo Esquimaux, who seldom build even the small fires of the native stone lamp in their *igloos* during the very coldest weather of winter, are probably the hardiest of all these boreal tribes in withstanding low temperatures, and sit around in their cold, cheerless snow houses with only their undergarments on (the Esquimau has two suits of reindeer skins; the outer, with the hair turned outward, and the inner, with the hair turned toward and resting against the body), their arms withdrawn from their sleeves and resting on their bare bodies across their breasts, chatting all the while pleasantly about various matters, the thermometer often being below zero. In fact, the only warmth the snow house

has is that given off by their bodies. I have known one of these Kinnepetoos to take an undressed reindeer hide that had been soaked in water to remove the hair, which was frozen stiff as a plate of boiler iron, put the same against his naked body, and not only hold it there till it was thawed out, but until it was perfectly dry, so as to use it for a drumhead (kee-low-tee) in their peculiar savage rites. In fact, I might say that I have been naked myself in a temperature of minus sixty-eight degrees, during the short time it took to undress, roll my reindeer coat in a bundle for a pillow, and crawl into my sleeping-bag; but my movements partook more of the character of a small boy going to a base-ball match than one sawing wood."

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### Farther as to the Height of Ocean Waves.

Commander DAYMAN observed that the highest waves off the Cape of Good Hope rose 20 feet, the gales which produce them extending over a distance of from 300 to 600 miles. In the Atlantic Ocean Dr. SCORESBY measured the waves with great care and accuracy on different occasions. In March, 1848, he wrote:—"In the afternoon of this day I stood sometimes on the saloon deck or cuddy roof watching the sublime spectacle presented by the turbulent waters. I am not aware that I ever saw the sea more terribly magnificent." Looking from the port paddle box, he says:—"I found at least one-half of the waves which overtook and passed the ship were far above the level of my eye. Frequently I observed long ranges (not accumulated peaks) extending 100

yards, perhaps, on one or both sides of the ship, the sea then coming nearly right aft, which rose so high above the visible horizon as to form an angle estimated at two or three degrees, when the distance of the wave summits was about 100 yards from the observer. This measure of elevation was by no means uncommon, occurring, I should think, at least once in a half dozen waves. Sometimes peaks of crossing or crests of breaking seas would shoot upward at least 10 or 15 feet higher." The mean highest waves, not including the broken or accumulated crests, Dr. Scoresby estimates as rising about 43 feet above the level of the hollow occupied at the moment by the ship. The height of the waves produced at sea in a storm depends mainly on the two conditions of the depth of the water through which they travel and of the length of "fetch" or unbroken space which extends from the shore. It follows that the most gigantic waves are produced where the sea rushes for the longest distance and at the greatest depth directly on the shore. In the long duel between man and nature we here arrive at the term of human power. At Wick, with a fetch of about 600 miles, waves of 40 feet in height from crest to trough have been observed to smite the breakwater. —*Edinburgh Review*.

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I HAVE read the Bible through many times; I now make a practice of going through it once a year. It is the book of all others for lawyers, as well as divines; and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought, and rules for conduct.—*Daniel Webster*.



## THROUGH STORM TO CALM.

No sun shines forth upon the way  
That I must tread alone to-day;  
The clouds are dark, the winds are drear,  
I take the steps in pain and fear;  
I know not which is wrong or right,  
Lord, come to me, and give me light!

The storm in fury sweeps the sea,  
And arks wherein my treasures be  
I fear will come to me no more,  
And but the wild waves beat the shore;  
Oh, God, the Help of all distressed,  
Come thou to me and give me rest!

Once was no need to call for thee,  
For my grasp kept thee close to me;  
But life was full, and love grew cold,  
I had so many things to hold  
I think I must have lost thy hand;  
Oh, God, forgive, and near me stand!

And yet thy mercy is so great  
I cannot deem me desolate;  
Into my sad heart I will take  
Thy promise never to forsake;  
Perhaps I am not far from thee,  
Oh, manifest thyself to me!

It is a time of dread and stress,  
But why should I be comfortless?  
I am not worthy of the grace,  
But yet thy children all have space  
Within thy heart; and even I  
May hope and trust and find thee nigh.

Not my deserts, but thy great love  
The measure of my faith shall prove;  
And thy forgiveness and good will  
My soul with deep delight shall fill;  
I do not fear whate'er shall be,  
Now that I walk and talk with thee.

How could I think the storm was strong?  
The air is full of peace and song;  
There is no darkness on my way,  
And never fairer was the day,  
For thou art with me, and my psalm  
Is full of thankful joy and calm.

*Marianne Farningham.*

## Good Advice to Young Sailors.

My son, when you go to sea, make yourself serviceable to the older sailors you may find in the fore-castle. Men are often there who have themselves been officers at some period, and who could officer or possibly command the vessel as well as those in authority, could they while on shore let rum alone. Afloat and unable to get it, they are men. Within hailing distance of a tavern they are sots. These old sailors will soon take to a boy who shows a willingness to oblige them. Don't be above doing little errands for them. If the officer of the deck calls out for a "snatch block," jump for it, and don't wait for the old salt to get it. There's all manner of odds and ends and little things in constant demand on shipboard. You want to know where, at a moment's notice, you can lay your hand on rope yarn, or a hammer or scraper, and fifty other things I forget now. But never wait for the old sailor in your watch to go for them. "Jump!" that's the word when these things are called for. Study where they are kept; keep your pockets full of twine. It's always being called for when there's none at hand. In this way you'll soon work yourself into the affections of the older hands. They like to see a boy know his place, and it is a boy's place to do the light work,—the fetching, carrying and finding. You want to know where lots of things are stowed away under the "t'gallant fore-castle" or other places, where you must creep and crawl in to get them. Get yourself liked by the men for your willingness, and not only are you the sooner taught by them in many things most neces-

sary for your advancement, but their liking will prove the stepping-stone to the favor of the officers. Hard and harsh as these may be, they soon also recognize the "handy boy" of the crew.—*Prentice Mulford.*

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## The Designer of the Puritan.

Mr. Edward Burgess, the designer of the *Puritan*, is about thirty-five years of age, and comes from an old Boston family. He was of the shipping firm of Benjamin Burgess & Sons until it was dissolved. Mr. Burgess is a graduate of Harvard University of the class of 1871. Among his classmates were the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge and the younger Dr. Biglow. His tastes have always been scientific, and he was at one time a professor of natural history at Harvard. Even now he continues his studies in natural history, and a strange bug or something new in the insect world will engage his attention as quickly as the model of a new yacht; indeed, while acting as secretary of the Eastern yacht club, he finds time to keep the secretary's books of the Society of Natural History in Boston. "I began sailing when I was ten years old," he said the other day, "and have been sailing ever since. I have never lost interest in yachting, and shall probably be a yachtsman as long as I live." Mr. Burgess made designing a specialty only a few years ago. Among the boats he designed are the cutter *Rondina*, Dr. F. W. Whitney, owner, built in 1885; the sloop *Columbine*, W. E. Strong, owner, built in 1883; catboat *Sachem*, J. Malcolm Forbes, owner, and the catboat *Wraith*, Gen. C. J. Paine, owner, built this year.—*Boston Transcript.*



## From the Lost Perthshire.

The letter referred to on page 361, by Mr. McCORMAC, our sailor-missionary at Astoria, Oregon, is of such interest that we print it almost in full. Its disclosure of peril by sea and by land, as well as its portraiture of refuge sought in his distress by this sailor, in the book of God, is of much impressiveness. The letter is dated at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, July 7th, 1885.

"*Dear Sir:*—As promised, we now write you a few lines, giving an account of our passage from Astoria to here, and thanking you for your loving kindness and attention, the short time we were in your city.

"After leaving Astoria we went down the river and anchored for a few days, when you were so kind as to give us a visit. On the 11th we hove up anchor and got under weigh, crossed the bar all right, but nearly put her ashore outside. We had about half a mile sea room and about three and a half fathoms of water to work in, while the *Perthshire* drew 16 feet of water, but she worked well and brought us off safe.

"There was nothing of note occurred until off the Horn, when the captain found that his chart was out a few miles. Thank God we had sea room, or not a man would have been here to tell the tale! But we weathered it out so far.

"The following Sunday we had splendid weather, were all in high spirits and were talking of home and its pleasures after being away two years. Monday came and still we could not complain of dirty weather. It was my watch on deck from 8 to 12 p. m. We took a few sails off her, and left the starboard watch on deck. Two hours after all hands were called to shorten sail. At four we relieved the starboard watch, and at that time there was a heavy sea on and a gale of wind blowing. I relieved the man on the lookout. It was pretty thick then. About half past four I was thinking of home, I looked around to see if all was well. I thought I saw land, and I reported it by going to the mate, saying, 'surely that is land.' He said 'no!' But something said to me,—'You are in danger!' I ran forward, but alas! she was doomed.

"I sang out,—'Hard down the helm,—breakers on the lee bow,' 'All hands on deck,' &c., &c., were orders given in rapid

succession. I noticed the ship coming up in the wind. Soon afterwards I reported, —'land right ahead.' I saw the ship going off and the main yards being hauled in. Soon after this, I reported again, —'Broken water right ahead.' The order was given,—'Hard up the helm!' but alas! too late, too late. She struck, and then anarchy reigned supreme. The order came,—'Put the life boat over, men!'

"But, thanks to God! we got ashore all right. We hauled the boats upon the beach, turned them over and got underneath them. Five men set out to see where we were. The carpenter was left in charge of the boats, and the remainder of the crew got some clothes and provisions hauled up underneath the boats to keep the cold out and life in. When all was right, the carpenter, an A. B., and myself, set out to explore the country. We came across plenty of geese and birds of prey that came within a few feet of you, which was anything but pleasing. If you lay down to rest and fell asleep you would never rise again in this world, for in less than fifteen minutes they would devour you. We saw sheep, and marks of horses hoofs on the ground. At last we came across one of the searching party returning to the boats. He reported a shepherd's hut a few miles away.

"We turned back to the boats, put up for the night and had something to eat. About 5 p. m. the remainder of the searching party turned up and reported the hut, geese and the birds of prey. We made some supper,—you will be able to form an idea what it would be like, and got underneath the boats to sleep. But it was too cold and was blowing too hard. It started to snow also. This made us turn out and burn our last piece of wood. About 4 a. m. all hands set out for the shepherd's hut, but it being dark, and not knowing where we were and the snow blinding us, we were soon lost. About 7 a. m. we came to some water. There we remained to daylight. Again we set out and traveled a few hours. There was some dispute about the direction we should take, so we separated, everyone going in the direction which he thought best. Some of us lay down to take a rest and shelter ourselves from the snow squalls. Still the birds of prey were hovering around, always ready to take advantage of our crippled condition. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon our party sighted the masts of the ship. I started with new vigor to make the boats before dark. I had something to eat, and

waited for some of them to come up. Night came on, so I hung up a red light to direct them to where the boats were.

"Hour after hour passed. Still no person came. I turned in, but could not sleep. I took out my Bible and read,— 'The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.' I had read the Bible a few times, but could not now fasten upon any particular passage in it. I wished the carpenter would come and I went out to see if he was in sight. No, he was not there. I came back and got underneath the boats again. Then I tried to give myself to Him who looks over all. I soon fell asleep, after being up about 20 hours and more. I awoke next morning to find myself alone, gave thanks to Him again, and started to prepare myself for another day's journey, when two horsemen came riding up to the boats. I jumped up. I found them to be a shepherd and the captain. He informed us where we were, and took the captain to the nearest village and there got assistance. Soon afterwards we were sent to Port Stanley,— thence home to Liverpool."

### Wreck of the Haddingtonshire.

We reprint also, the extract referred to by Mr. McCORMAC, our missionary at Astoria, Oregon, on page 361, dated Point Reyes, Cal., August 23rd, 1885.

"The two survivors of the wrecked bark *Haddingtonshire* are now being cared for here at the Reinhold ranch. Wm. MURRAY, 16 years old, the Scotch apprentice lad on the *Haddingtonshire*, tells the following interesting story of the wreck:—

"We left Astoria July 4th with a full cargo and 21 souls on board. We had a fair run south for three weeks, until one day, when 12 deg. north of the line, we were struck by a squall that threw us on our beam. When we struck we had all sails set except the royals. It was two hours before the vessel righted. While she lay on her side Simon Johnson, the carpenter, and Augustus Anderson and Thomas Ross, able seamen, were washed overboard and lost. Next morning we found Wm. Curtis, second mate, dead on deck,—killed by something that struck him during the squall. Our starboard life-boat was smashed, the sails torn, the starboard fore-castle washed away and the

captain's chronometer and sextants smashed. The captain gave orders to come about for San Francisco. We had a good run up, guessing our reckoning and looking out for land the last four days. Wednesday there were lookouts aloft and on deck. Wednesday night, at 8 bells, when Hans, the man who was saved with me, came below he said we would not run four hours more, for he knew, by the change in the color of the water during the day, that we were nearing land. The sailors thought he was joking. I then went on watch. It was rough and very foggy. At 2 o'clock on Thursday morning I was heaving the log from the poop deck. We were making 8 knots, with everything set but the royals, and our fog-horn blowing. The deep-sea lead had just been brought on deck at 2:05 o'clock, when the lookout called 'Land ahead!' The first officer called to the captain, who was in his berth, and then ordered us to haul down the maintopmast stays and square the main yards. We struck just as the staysail came down. The captain just then came on deck and ordered us into the port life-boat. We had the tackle hooked and the boat half lowered, when it was smashed against the bark's side. The captain then ordered us into the rigging. Thirteen of us got into the main rigging, two into the mizzen rigging, and the captain and the first officer went below for blue-lights and rockets. When the captain came up the companion-way the rockets were washed out of his hands. He burned one blue-light, and then the first officer went up into the mizzen rigging. We hung on, with the sea going over the mast-heads, until 3:30 o'clock, when the rigging gave way, and then the captain ordered us on deck. As I was going down the rigging, the mast went over. I was between the mast and the yards, but crawled up through the rigging, and the sea washed me overboard. I heard nothing but cries for help. I was in the breakers and so exhausted that I laid on my back and tried to swallow enough water to kill me. The breakers threw me shoreward until I felt sand with my fingers. That gave me hope, and I swam and struggled till I reached the beach, where I fainted, waking up two hours later, when I discovered a path, followed it, and arrived here, where I received dry, warm clothing and breakfast. Reinhold rode down to the beach when I told him what had happened, and found Hans Markuson, the only other survivor. The lost are John Frazier, captain; Geo. Cunning-



hám, first mate: John Mackay, steward; Colin Campbell, cook; Walter Eastland, Peter McLean, Thomas Miller, John Waters, Edward Morrison, Robert Fife and Chas. Lungsen, able seamen, and Wm. Morrison, Robt. Darney, Fred. Poheim and Jas. Cunningham, apprentices. The captain lived at Inverness, Scotland. When the boy had finished this story he was asked where he lived. "In Glasgow, with my uncle and aunt," he replied. "This will be happy news to them?" "No, sir," the boy answered, tears coming to his eyes for the first time during his story; "my cousin, their son, was lost with the bark."

The story of HANS MARKUSON is much the same as the boy's. Markuson was below and felt the vessel pitch suspiciously. He ran on deck and asked the mate if he had seen a light. The mate said, "Yes, a flash light," just as the man aloft called "Land ahead!" Markuson was in the mizzen rigging, with the captain, mate and steward, when the captain ordered them down. The steward, who was below Markuson, was afraid to move, and Markuson slid down the backstay. He got hold of the log line and tried to take it ashore with him, when he was washed overboard, to try to save those who could not swim, but the line was too short. The captain had a life-preserver on and was in the water with Markuson, the mate and the steward for some time, but they got separated when the boxes of salmon began knocking them about. Markuson was insensible when found by Reinhold.

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### Down in Catharine Street, Among the Sailors.

The electric light flashed over the Mariners' Church, and the uptown visitor saw distinctly on the old, square, gray building, the large white words, "The New York Port Society. Free Reading-Room for Seamen."

"This is just the place I've been looking for," he remarked to a worker near the door, where sailors of various nationalities were entering singly and in groups. His eye swept over the room and rested on the benignant face of the janitor, who was holding the right hand of an old salt, while his left arm was thrown across his shoulders. Then he looked intently at the half-dozen workers moving noiselessly about, speaking in low tones to the sailors all over the large room.

"I want to know," said the visitor, "how you do things here. I've heard about the crowds of seamen who come here grossly wicked and dissipated, and leave this place hopefully Christian men. Don't you find them rough and ignorant; and isn't it hard to get a Gospel truth to lodge in their hearts?"

"I should like to have you see for yourself. Will you come in the reading-room?"

"Writing their letters at those desks, are they?" inquired our guest. "Reading such choice papers, magazines, and books as these tables are covered with. How quietly they are talking with each other. Here are two hundred men, some of them rather bronzed, but they are gentlemen who have dropped in, I suppose."

"They are Christian sailors, officers, and captains," the worker answered with a proud satisfaction. "They came here a few weeks or months ago,—several of them just after a debauch. That officer with white moustache, near us, squandered fifteen hundred dollars in dissipation in the five weeks previous to coming here. He was sure 'no one would ever make a Christian' of him. He is in our Sunday-school. Says 'he can't get enough of the Bible.' He is a native of New York city, and a few weeks ago had not been in church in forty years. He has become a humble, praying man."

"How do you manage to impress these men so, and learn the workings of their hearts?"

"One very efficient means is the Gospel service held each morning in the adjacent room, and each evening at this hour. Will you come and look at those eager, upturned faces? The white-haired pastor who has grown old in this work for the sailor, is speaking to the men of how they can become Christians, and go and live noble lives in the fore-castle and on the quarter-deck."

"Four women and two or three men shaking the hard, tar-stained hands of these sailors as they leave the meeting. Now I begin to see. Why, you take a personal interest in Jack. Half a dozen doors open, with books and tracts and Testaments at hand. Do you bring these out to the men?"

"No; we bring the men to them. You see those workers inviting this one and that one to come to these inquiry-rooms. Here they learn as nearly as possible just what advice a man needs, and kindly try to give it. In these conversations they

urge upon the sailor an immediate surrender of himself to God. They tell him what they believe the Bible teaches about beginning and living the Christian life. They usually close these interviews with prayer."

"After a man takes a stand for God, does he ever do anything in the way of of Christian effort?" asks our visitor, becoming more deeply interested in the sailor.

"He usually first nails his colors to the masthead, and then tries to work intelligently on the ship and in port for any one that he thinks he can help to live a better life. A Christian sailor makes an enthusiastic missionary."

"To hear you talk, one would think the traditional sailor had passed off the planet, and Jack Tar was walking about the forecabin with a Bible under one arm and a dictionary under the other."

"Let me try to give you a little idea of the intelligence of the modern sailor. Seamen from the north of Europe are educated in their homes and in the schools, and are early confirmed in the Lutheran Church, where they are carefully taught. They have good powers of conversation, and not infrequently speak and write several languages, while the English sailor often surprises us by his choice language, facility of expression, and cultivated tones of voice. He is almost always trained in the Church of England. We often meet college educated men from the British provinces, and the world knows what the calibre of the Scotch sailor is."

"And the American sailor?" eagerly inquires our friend.

"He is almost a mythical man. Now and then we meet one. He is generally what we call 'smart.' You see the fine

head of that sailor standing near the table reading. Notice the thoughtful face. That man is an American. He has fine literary taste, and some ability as a writer."

"Can you give me a sketch of his history?"

"He is a native of Indiana, and was in one of her best public schools until seventeen years of age; but he had no knowledge of English grammar. Says he hated it. When nearly twenty-six, and on ship-board, wanting something to read, he came across the book he so much disliked, and that was the only one to be found. Hunger for something for the intellect compelled him to open this textbook. Learning rapidly, he acquired a thorough knowledge of the book in a short time. He began then to think of his neglect of this important branch of study, and strange as it may seem, was led to consider how he had wasted his powers in sinful living, and then came a desire to live better, without knowing how. This was the beginning of conviction of sin that deepened during several months, when he came to this room, where I first met him. It was painful to witness the suffering his conscience was giving, especially as he was obliged to go to sea at once. A few words of urgent appeal, and I had to let him go. After several months he returned and united with the Mariners' Church. He has been on shore during the winter. After leaving the reading-room each night, he studies the Bible,—portions of it,—with absorbing interest. Eager to read the New Testament in the original, he began studying Greek within a few weeks. His enthusiasm in this rather unsailorlike work, would do credit to any college student."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

### At Stations on the Foreign Field.

#### Sweden.

STOCKHOLM.

In June, July and August, Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG, sailor missionary, visited vessels and distributed religious reading. He also preached in some of the maritime towns of the vicinity. In August he was on board American men-of-war, in S. Forty English, 2 American, 58 Finland-

ian, 6 Swedish, 7 Norwegian, 1 Italian, 10 German, 1 Austrian and 5 Dutch vessels were visited:—total, 130.

#### Spain.

SEVILLE.

A few months since, on application by Mr. S. B. CALDWELL, the Board of Trus-



tees of this Society placed at his disposal funds to be used in work for English and Scandinavian seamen who come to the port. Quarantine regulations in connection with the unexpected visitation of the city, by cholera, have so far hindered the execution of his projects, in full, but Norwegian and English tracts have been distributed to the seamen every Sabbath.

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### France.

#### MARSEILLES.

We are deeply pained to announce the fact, intelligence of which is received as we go to press, that Rev. A. GARBOUSHIAN, whose entry upon the sailor-chaplaincy was announced in the July MAGAZINE, (p. 220,) died in the midst of his very arduous labors at this port, on the 29th August. Rev. T. C. SKEGG is his successor.

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### Italy.

#### NAPLES.

From Mr. S. BURROWES, harbor-missionary, we have the following report for the months of April, May and June:—

*"1885, April 5th.*—About sixty persons were present at the evening service in the Bethel. A seaman who fancied he had an evil spirit in his body was greatly relieved by the Gospel exercises. *April 7th.*—Held a tea-meeting in the Bethel to celebrate the seven years' mission work. Eighty persons were present. The sailors sang and enjoyed themselves as heartily as usual. *April 12th.*—The services in the Bethel were largely attended, the reading-room was also occupied. The Rev. H. I. BARFF, of the Church of England, conducted the evening service. *April 19th.*—The engineers of a ship led the singing, on their instruments, at both services. Heard from Capt. H—, of a mate who received a blessing.

*"May 12th.*—Went to Pompeii with the officers of a ship and held a magic lantern entertainment in the Bethel on our return. The seamen were as usual delighted with this treat. *May 24th.*—In visiting the ships two natives were arguing about whether St. Peter was in Rome. They appealed to me; I referred

them to the Bible. This led to a conversation about Peter's Master, before a group of men. Lieutenant P— conducted the evening service, and a sailor from H. M. S. *Dreadnought* being quickened that evening, found peace with God a few days after. *May 25th.*—Held a tea-meeting. One hundred and thirty persons were present. Some engineers delighted the meeting with vocal and instrumental music. I heard of one friend who played sweetly but who would not be charmed with the sweetest strains the world ever heard,—Christ's Gospel.

*"June 4th.*—The Rev. J. J. IRVING of the Presbyterian Church conducted the evening service. A seaman told how he became a temperance man, and influenced his shipmates in the same line."

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### India.

#### BOMBAY.

Reference is made in the fifty-seventh annual report of the Society (p. 33) to the commission given by our Board, last year, to Rev. J. S. STONE, as sailor-missionary. We are greatly pleased to present to our readers his "Third Semi-yearly Report of Gospel Tea-meetings held in Dean Lane Hall, Fort, in B.,"—which is dated July 1st, 1885, and headed "Work Among Seamen and Soldiers."

"Eighteen months ago the first of these meetings was held. For more than seventy-two weeks without a single break they have been continued. We are adoringly grateful to our Heavenly Father that we can say this; that we have had strength to carry the meetings on; that we have had means to meet all the demands made upon our treasury; that an interest has been kept up among the men; whom can we thank for these blessings but the Heavenly Father?

"If you multiply 72 by 100 you can get the aggregate attendance during these eighteen months. Besides the sailors and soldiers, numbers of visitors, ladies, gentlemen and children swell our weekly attendance.

"It certainly is a refreshing sight,—good for one's eyes,—to look into our humble hall about half-past eight of a Thursday evening. We are gratified to remark the interest manifested by the young people of the city, who regularly attend these meetings. And just here

we would cordially say.—‘Come, you will be welcome. Come, bring your friends.’ We love to be crowded.

“Our meeting is becoming widely known. A few months ago the writer of this report while walking the deck of an Atlantic steamer bound for New York, noticed a sailor stop polishing brass-mountings to tip his hat. He in a few minutes made it known that he had attended the Gospel Tea-meetings held in Dean Hall. I can hardly tell which was the happier man, over that meeting just outside of Cape Clear off the Irish coast. I will not attempt to sum up or even suggest an estimate of the good accomplished in these meetings during the past twenty-six weeks which this report covers. We hope some day to know, but not now. In the *then* we shall know it all. Let us wait until then. We have many people to thank; our friends are numerous and becoming more so, but we should like to make special mention of the officers and engineers of the British India steamers who have from the very start, stood by us so nobly. We might also mention by name a catalogue of ladies and gentlemen in the city who have assisted us in carrying on this work by both their rupees and their sympathy. We won’t mention names however, but we will say, ‘thank you,’ with a promise to do our best to more worthily merit your confidence in the future.

“We need money to carry on our work,

but we need sympathy and personal support as well. Come, and by your presence cheer us on in the work.

“Our aim is to reverently mingle the purest worship and gospel by song, prayer and address with the social element. We don’t believe ‘Gospel Tea-meeting’ an incongruous expression.

“We append the report of our treasurer, Miss Collins, whom with Mr. Stark, our most indefatigable supporter in this work, we gladly mention. They are worthy, as are others whose tireless support we shall never forget, and whose names and deeds will not be passed over in that day when He whom we humbly serve shall say, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant!’”

#### *Treasurer's Report.*

	<i>Rs. a. p.</i>
Balance on 31st December, 1884.....	93 13 7
Receipts during the six months.....	356 0 0
Interest.....	1 8 1
	<hr/> 451 5 8

#### *Disbursements.*

For Cake, Tea, &c .....	241 6 5
For Braid, Holland, Postage, Boat-hire, Tracts, Notices, Blue Ribbons and Pledge Cards.....	35 6 0
Towards “Dean Hall” Rent.....	20 0 0
Repairing “Harmonium”.....	6 0 0
	<hr/> Total, 305 12 5
Balance on hand, 1st July, 1885,	145 9 3

### At Ports in the United States.

#### New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

From the Sailors’ Home, 190 Cherry St., Mr. C. A. BORELLA reported in October:—

“My labor for the past three months has been continued as usual. Besides discharging my duties at the Home, I have visited vessels along the East River, boarding-houses, hospitals and seamen’s families throughout the city. In my visitations I have distributed the word of God, offered prayers, &c., &c., &c., and given the usual invitation to attend the means of grace, and I am thankful to know that the bread thus cast upon the waters is sure to be found, though it be after many days,—sometimes after many years.

#### *Notable Cases.*

“An interesting case came to our notice in the month of August. A Portuguese sailor who arrived in New York in that month, came to the Sailors’ Home and told this cheering news, that on leaving the Home in the year 1874, eleven years ago, where he was then boarding, he was presented with a Portuguese Bible by the missionary, who also gave him some good advice. These, together with the Pilgrim’s Progress, had been the means, through the goodness of God, of opening his eyes to see and his heart to feel himself a great sinner, and Christ as an all-sufficient Savior. He said, that he could now greet us, not only as friends, but as brethren in Christ. This sailor was born a Roman Catholic, but is now rejoicing in sins forgiven through a crucified Redeemer. Another seaman (mate) came to the Sailors’ Home in the same month, and said, that he did not sign the



pledge of total abstinence one day too soon, for a few days after he had taken this step, and we trust a better step still, he was appointed master of a vessel, which, said he, would never have been but for turning over a new leaf.

*Many Years of Service.*

"Still another interesting seaman came to our notice in the month of August. CHR. BENSEN, born in Norway, went to sea in the year 1848. Shortly after leaving home for the first time he met with an accident at sea, which caused him to have his right leg amputated in Lisbon, Portugal, where he was laid up in the hospital for nine months and twenty-four days. After his discharge from the hospital he was furnished with a wooden leg, which has served him faithfully for thirty-seven years. During all that time Mr. Bensen has performed duty at sea as cook and steward, and made seven voyages round Cape Horn, eight voyages round the Cape of Good Hope, several voyages across the Western Ocean and several voyages to South America. He has sailed in some of the largest ships out of England and out of his own country, the last voyage he made was in the Swedish bark *Ida*,—from Cardiff, Wales, to St. Nicolas, in South America, then to Cape Hayti. On their passage from there to Russia the vessel went ashore on Molasses Reef, West Indies, on the 4th of July, and was totally lost. The crew were picked up by negroes and brought to the Turkish Islands, and afterwards sent to New York in the American steamer *Clyde*. On their arrival in New York the crew was sent to the Sailors' Home, where Bensen after a short stay shipped in a Swedish bark for some port South. He is now 52 years of age, has been at sea 37 years, and has the best of recommendations from captains he has sailed with; has no trouble to get a ship at any time. He was cheerful with his wooden leg, and said that the Lord makes him content with his lot.

*Summer Work.*

"The meetings at the Home for the past three months have not been very largely attended, but small as they have been, the Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation, has been no less effectual, proving the old lesson true, that it does not depend on the many or on the few, that it is 'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.' Quite a number of the men have testified to this truth for the past three months.

During the month of August, (a month in which we generally have less in attendance than perhaps any other month in the year,) 541 seamen attended the means of grace at our various meetings at the Home. Besides this number of seamen we had a number of others in attendance. We still continue to sow the seed, in the hope that a rich harvest of souls may be gathered to the glory of Him who came to seek and save the lost. The number of families visited and prayed with during the last three months is as follows:—July, 64; August, 51; September, 93; chiefly seamen's families.

"I also desire to acknowledge the kindness of the Board of Managers of the Society for the Relief of Destitute Children of Seamen, Staten Island. A few weeks ago, a little bright-eyed girl of nine years old was brought to me (the mother dead, the father in the Lunatic Asylum, and no other relative to care for her) and was asked if I could get a home for this little girl. I took her to Staten Island, where she was kindly received by Miss BOGERT, who placed her in their Asylum, where she is tenderly cared for by the good Matron, Miss DREW, and has now a good home."

U. S. NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.

Reporting Oct. 1st, chaplain CRANE writes:—

"The past quarter has been one of continued and quiet service at the Navy Yard and Marine Barracks, with a fortnight's intermission for rural recreation, provision, however, being made for regular meetings during my absence. The attendance has been good in proportion to the diminished number of men aboard the Receiving-ship, and the few vessels visiting the Yard. Our monthly Temperance meetings have been well attended and sixty-four new names have been added to the U. S. Naval Temperance Union roll.

"I have distributed over 5,500 pages of tracts, 1,400 papers and MAGAZINES, and 105 copies of the Bible and Testament and Psalms, in different languages. With the opening of the Fall season and renewed activity in recruiting men the prospect for increased numbers and interest is encouraging."

STAPLETON, S. I.

September 30th, '85, chaplain KIP reported:—

"During this quarter many Testaments and tracts, together with religious reading, have been distributed to the seamen in the U. S. Naval Hospital, and many conversations on the subject of their eternal well-being have been held with them. The results will not be known in this world. My 'parishioners' are continually going and coming. Some remain for weeks and months in the institution, others leave after remaining a few days, and I see them no more. Yet the words that have been spoken to them may have made a lodgment in their hearts and lead them to Christ even while they are far removed from us.

"Sabbath afternoon exercises have been and are regularly maintained, and with growing interest to me. The number of attendants varies from twenty to twelve. I have seldom addressed a more serious or attentive audience than I did last Sunday afternoon."

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### Virginia.

NORFOLK.

"Shipping, which has been scarce," says Chaplain J. B. MERRITT, Oct. 1st, "is now looking up, and my congregations are improving. There have been many sick in the Hospital, and the work there has been very interesting, including quite a number of conversions among the sick. Pray for me that my work may prosper greatly."

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### Georgia.

SAVANNAH.

September 25th, there were quite a number of English steamers in port, and this will be the case for three or four months to come; "then the large majority of seamen here," says Chaplain WEBB, "will be Scandinavians." His visits to vessels in June, July and August numbered 84, with distribution of 2,075 pages of tracts, 100 SAILORS' MAGAZINES, 180 SEAMEN'S FRIENDS, 187 religious papers, 24 sermons preached and 10 visits to the Hospital.

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### Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

Religious services are still held at the "Lower Bethel" on Sabbath, at 11 a. m.

in French, at 2 p. m. in Scandinavian, and at 3 and 7 p. m. in English. Also on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock, and the Bethel is open every day for reading, writing and prayer. Chaplain Pease, who for twenty years has ministered to seamen there, extends a special fraternal welcome to each and all visitors.

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### Texas.

GALVESTON.

Dating Sept. 22nd, Chaplain MCINTIRE writes:—

"My assistant has visited every vessel and steamer that has been in port since I left in August, distributed papers and tracts and had religious conversation with the men. He has held three services per week for seamen. Business is reviving, and the future seems promising for us. I shall reorganize our work, and put it upon a good basis before the end of the year. A number of business men will lend their aid. Religious people feel more disposed to assist in the work."

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### Oregon.

ASTORIA.

In a recent communication, Mr. J. McCORMAC, sailor-missionary, writes:—

"This has been a very poor year for fishing, very many of our fishermen having been unable to make expenses. In consequence, many of the boarding-houses to which they were in debt, have been obliged to close up. Besides the low price of fish, 50 cents this year instead of 75 cents last year, the 'ketch' this year has been not much over one-half that of former years. The disasters to our shipping too have been great. Two vessels (English) the *Perthshire* and *Haddingtonshire* have been wrecked, both partly laden with salmon from this port. While all the sailors on board the *Perthshire* were saved, all hands on board the *Haddingtonshire* were lost save two. I had preached several times on board both vessels, and was very well acquainted with the officers and crews. We had the ill-fated *Haddingtonshire* boys to a little sociable at my house before they sailed, and were very much shocked at the news of the disaster. They seemed so full of



life, and hope, and so happy in the idea of soon seeing home and friends. I take the liberty of enclosing you an account of the sad fate of the *Haddingtonshire* clipped from one of our papers (see p. 354). How little we know what a day may bring forth!

"One consolation is that the boys seemed very sober, nice, Christian boys, attending service regularly, and keeping aloof from all rowdyism."

In a later letter Mr. McCORMAC writes:—

"Although hindered somewhat by sickness in my family, by the blessing of God I have been enabled to meet nearly all my appointments during the last quarter. My services both on shipboard and in the Young Men's Rooms have been unusually interesting. I thought at the conclusion of the fishing season they would decrease in numbers and interest, but it is just the reverse. Last Thursday evening we had 20 at our prayer-meeting and 23 the evening previous. Sunday last on board the ship *Portia* we had about 45 present, and Sunday before last on board the *British Army* we had about 20. At least two-thirds of these were sailors.

"At all these services, as Mr. Moody would say, we tried to 'honor the Holy Ghost,' and as a consequence we had great seriousness and signs of real life in all the exercises. At one of these services Rev. Mr. HAMLIN, pastor of the Congregational Church, assisted me, and I assisted him at his service in the evening,—a sample of the fraternal feeling which exists between our work and all the churches. Rev. Mr. HAIKKA, of the Scandinavian and Russian Finn churches, is about to leave us, a matter of sincere regret to me as he proved himself a faithful fellow laborer amongst the fishermen.

"The enclosed letter, (p. 353,) received from two of the sailors of the ill-fated *Perthshire*, wrecked on Blind Land last Spring on her way to Liverpool, will be likely to interest you, as showing some of the dangers and hardships to which the poor fellows are exposed.

### Loan Library Work.

FROM OLD FRIENDS.

Once more our friends at Central Presbyterian S. S., in this city, are heard from, with their generous remembrances for the sailor. This time their good-will comes in the donation of funds by the Youth's Missionary Society for

THE ELI BENEDICT LIBRARY;—NO. 8,304. (inscribed as follows:)

In the name of their late beloved Superintendent this library is sent to sea by the *Youth's Missionary Society of the Central Presbyterian Sabbath School.*

Above all the care of his active business was an earnest desire for the eternal salvation of his fellow man, and he labored with untiring zeal for the Master he loved and served.

Affectionate teachers and scholars unite in devoting to sailors this memorial, praying that it may prove a living monument to him whose name it bears, by carrying forward the work he laid down with his life.

Dear sailor,—may God speak to you through this library and incline your heart to do His will!

*New York City, Sept. 27th, 1885.*

This library has been placed upon the new ship, *Frederick Billings*, described on pages 346-7 of this issue of the MAGAZINE.

FROM BOSTON, MASS.

Our District Secretary transmits interesting *memoranda* of work done by libraries recently sent out, which we print, in full:—

"Library No. 7,872, given by the S. S. of the 1st Presbyterian Church, Troy, N. Y., went to sea in August, 1883, on the bark *Mermaid*, of New Bedford, Mass. There were 27 men in the crew, and the library was in the care of the captain's wife. The vessel has returned to New Bedford, and gone to sea again, taking the same library. Chaplain BUTLER writes:—

"Mrs. Sherman, the captain's wife, is a good Christian woman. The crew are all St. Helena men, and most of them are professed Christians. They all attended the Bethel, while here, about six weeks. They lived on board the ship. Not one of them was found in a liquor saloon, or making disturbance in the streets. We held a meeting on board on the Sunday before sailing. About 500 were present. The books were much liked and many thanks are returned to the Sabbath School which furnished the library."

"Library No. 6,861, given by the Pilgrim Church, Cambridgeport, in 1881, was one year on board a pilotboat. It was then transferred to the bark *Western Bell*, and went to Natal. It returned

much used, but in good condition. It then went to sea on the schr. *Joseph F. Baker*, where it has been for two years. The following letter is from the captain:—'Your loan library has been on board this vessel two years. It has been read and re-read by officers and crew with interest and profit. Many of its volumes contain lessons which may be applied to every day life, elevating the thoughts to a higher and better way of living. It is now returned for exchange and reshipment, with thanks of officers and crew. With the best wishes for the prosperity of your Society.

J. F. DAVIS,  
*Captain schr. J. F. Baker.*"

### General Missionary Superintendent.

Rev. R. S. STUBBS, for many years chaplain at Portland, Oregon, has been appointed Missionary Superintendent of the Society's work on the Puget Sound, and has already begun operations.

His residence is to be at Tacoma, Washington Territory. We bespeak for him a favorable reception wherever he goes, and a cordial coöperation in his evangelical labors for the seamen on the waters of the growing Northwest.

### The Late Mr. Tufts—A Generous Donor.

The late EDWARD TUFTS of Lowell, Mass., who bequeathed \$17,000 each to the Massachusetts Bible Society, the A. H. M. Society and the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, besides \$1,000 each to the Lowell Missionary Association and the Old Ladies' Home, has been deceased more than ten years. He was an old resident of Lowell, and occupied the position of paymaster in the Merrimack Mills. He was a constant attendant at Kirk Street Church, though not a member. Very much interested in missions, he was a liberal giver, and always ready to contribute when asked. At his death the interest on his property went to his wife, and her decease, some time since, brings the bequests to the several objects specified. The interesting fact is stated that he had left no money for a monument, but through the generosity of the A. H. M. S. and the other

legatees, a contribution was made, out of the funds bequeathed, for the purpose of fitly designating the burial place of the worthy man.—*Congregationalist*.

### "O Bounding Sea!"

*Rev. xxi, 1.*

O bounding, crested, billowed sea,  
Tossing in thine immensity,—  
Know'st thou, amid thy rage and roar,  
That in God's time thou'lt be no more?

Emblem of the unrest of those  
Whom God regardeth as His foes,  
Dash, rage and foam,—for thou shalt be  
Unknown in His new earth, O sea!

Once prisoned on thy Patmos isle,  
By wrath of man, beneath God's smile,  
To holy man, beloved of Heaven,  
A vision heavenly was given:

He saw, descending from above,  
The Holy City, filled with love—  
The new Jerusalem in birth—  
The fair new heaven and new earth!

His soul with holy joy was thrilled,  
His mouth with victor's boasting filled,  
As he, the new earth scanning o'er,  
Saw there the sea no more! no more!

No more, O sea! no more, no more  
Shall earth e'er need thee, as before;  
One tongue, one people, and one Lord,  
Shall know the new earth's sweet accord.

No angry wave, or billowy strife,  
Shall mar the new earth's happy life;  
Nor aught therein shall ever be  
Of thine unrest,—O surging sea!

O sealess land! O Beulah land!  
We long amid thy bliss to stand;—  
And ever with the holy be,  
In land that knows no sea, no sea!

*E. D. B., in Farmer's Cabinet.*

### Patient Continuance in Well-Doing.

On page 359, Mr. C. A. BORELLA, our missionary at the Sailors' Home in this city, has referred to the number of sailors reached during the month of August last, by religious services (prayer meetings) at that Institution. When it is remembered that the meetings are in some sense, and in part, private gatherings, in the missionary's room,—and that attendance upon them is ordinarily the fruit of daily



and personal invitation made to each sailor, by him,—and that by the close hand-grapple with the men so secured, many of them, for years past, have been led to “the better life,” these figures are redolent of much interest. They give the dates and hours, on each day in the month, with the numbers of seamen brought to the prayer-rooms, on each.

1885.	Morning.	Day.	Evening.
August. 1.....	5.....		13
2.....	8.....		8
3.....	6.....	5	5
4.....	8.....		8
5.....	7.....		6
6.....	7.....	7	8
7.....	4.....		10
8.....			
9.....	9.....		15
10.....	4.....		11
11.....			
12.....	4.....	8	7
13.....	4.....	8	7
14.....	6.....	8	7
15.....	8.....	3	16
16.....	9.....		11
17.....	7.....	8	17
18.....	9.....		9
19.....	4.....	6	4
20.....	7.....	3	7
21.....	5.....	6	6
22.....	2.....		8
23.....	5.....		5
24.....	7.....	6	14
25.....	5.....		11
26.....	8.....	9	8
27.....	9.....	5	5
28.....	6.....	4	7
29.....	8.....	5	9
30.....	4.....		7
31.....	8.....	8	10
	183	99	259—541

### To Commodore O. H. Perry.

At Newport, R. I., on Thursday, Sept. 10th, a statue of this brave U. S. Naval Commander was unveiled. Commodore Perry died while on a diplomatic mission to Venezuela, S. A., in 1819. He was buried in the cemetery at Newport, where a plain granite monument was erected over his remains. About ten years ago it was proposed to erect a more suitable memorial in place of the granite obelisk, and \$15,000 was finally raised for the purpose. Designs for a statue having been submitted, the committee to whom the work was entrusted selected the model of the artist WILLIAM G. TURNER, and gave him an order for the statue, which is of bronze. A half dozen steps support a slender shaft, which has heavy moulding at the top and bottom. On its western face a laurel wreath surrounds the word “Perry,” while the words of

the hero's despatch to General Harrison, after the great Naval Victory on Lake Erie, Sept. 10th, 1813,—“We have met the enemy and they are ours,” are over the eastern face. Perry, with his battle flag on his arm, is in the act of stepping on board the *Niagara*, a fresh vessel, with which he quickly closed with the enemy and silenced their guns. The figure, heroic in size, is full of life and action. It stands in the Mall, Washington Square being on one side and the parade on the other. The house facing it on the south is known as the Perry mansion, from the fact that it belonged to Commodore Perry at the time of his death.

### Gold Medal Presentation.

The Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York has presented Mr. AUGUSTUS L. HECKLER a solid gold medal for his gallant rescue of Miss KATE BRIDENER and THOMAS H. MORRIS of Baltimore, from drowning at Asbury Park, N. J., on August 11th, '85. Miss Bridener is a teacher in Primary School No. 12 in Baltimore, and Mr. Morris is the paying teller of the Merchants' National Bank in the same city. They were carried out to sea by the strong undertow, and their screams attracted hundreds of people to the beach. Mr. Heckler was bathing, and at once dashed off to their rescue. When he reached them Miss Bridener was unconscious. He got her ashore and returned for Mr. Morris, who was nearly exhausted, but Mr. Heckler supported him to a point of safety. Mr. Heckler on emerging from the water, was carried on the shoulders of the crowd to the cottage of Mr. GEORGE S. KNIGHT, whose guest he was at the time. It took over an hour to resuscitate Miss Bridener, and she did not know the name of her rescuer until she saw it in the papers. She wrote him a letter of thanks, accompanied by her photograph.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

### Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

SEPTEMBER, 1885.

Total arrivals.....	153
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$2,440
of which \$1,313 was sent to relatives and friends, \$50 was deposited in Savings Bank, and \$1,495 was returned to boarders.	

## Planets for November, 1885.

MERCURY is an evening star during this month, setting on the 1st at 5h. 15m., and south of west 24° 59'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 7th at 3h. 59m., being 6° 16' south; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 27th, at which time it sets at 5h. 43m., and south of west 35° 6'; is at its greatest elongation at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 30th, being 21° 21' east of the Sun.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 7h. 8m., and south of west 35° 9'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 10th at 2h. 47m., being 7° 49' south.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 21m. after midnight and 19° north of east; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 29th at 4h. 24m., being 3° 23' north.

JUPITER is a morning star rising on the 1st at 3h. 2m., and north of east 2° 40'; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time on the morning of the 3rd at 4h. 24m., being 52' north, at this time it is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of 17° and 18° south latitude, and the second time on the afternoon of the 30th at 5h. 36m., being now 21' north of the Moon, and at this time is again eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 15° north and 56° south.

SATURN on the morning of the 1st is due south at 3h. 53m., being 22° 18' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 24th at 5h. 38m., being 3° 59' north.

*New York University.*

R. H. B.

## Receipts for September, 1885.

### MAINE.

Bath, Winter St. church.... \$ 31 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Amherst, Amherst Cong. S. S. .... 12 00  
Bennington, Church and Society.... 10 00  
Francetown, Cong. ch., of wh. Bertha  
M. Downs, for lib'y, \$20..... 35 70  
Hanover, Cong. church, at Dartmouth  
College..... 23 24  
Swanzey, Cong. ch and Soc'y..... 8 33  
Troy, Cong. S. S., for lib'y..... 20 00  
A Friend..... 5 00

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Attleboro, The Ladies' Sewing Soc'y  
of the 2nd Cong. ch., for lib'y.... 20 00  
Boston, Bethel..... 2 79  
A Friend..... 1 00

Bridgewater, Central Square Cong.  
church..... 8 20  
Chelsea, 3rd Cong. S. S., for lib'y.... 20 00  
Conway, Cong. church..... 3 75  
Florence, Florence church..... 17 65  
Foxboro, Estate of Susan Payson, per  
Wm. Payson and F. B. Bourne,  
Ex's..... 1,000 00  
Gardner, 1st Cong. church..... 30 00  
Lowell, received residuary legacy of  
Edward Tufts, late of Lowell,  
Mass., per J. Kimbal, Ex., secur-  
ities and cash valued at..... 17,009 89  
Norfolk, Cong. church..... 8 00  
Pittsfield, 1st Cong. ch., of wh. \$40 for  
libraries..... 53 15  
Rockland, Cong. ch., for lib'y..... 20 00

### CONNECTICUT.

Greenwich, A Friend..... 5 00  
Hartford, 1st Church..... 94 33  
Kent, 1st Cong. 1st Cong. Soc'y..... 19 04  
Madison, Cong. church..... 4 00  
New Britain, a member of South ch. .... 5 00  
Norfolk, Mrs. M. D. Bassett..... 2 00  
Norwalk, 1st Cong. church..... 58 00  
Old Saybrook, Cong. church..... 21 68  
Plantville, Cong. church..... 24 03  
Thomaston, Cong. church..... 13 70  
Watertown, received from estate of  
John DeForest, late of Water-  
town, Conn., per E. L. DeForest,  
Ex..... 1,500 00

### NEW YORK.

New York City, Mission'y Soc'y, Ch.  
of the Strangers, for lib'y..... 20 00  
Youths' Mission'y Soc'y, S. S. Central  
Pres. ch., for lib'y..... 20 00  
Schr. Scotia, Capt. Shearer, for  
library work..... 5 00  
Capt. Terry of schr. Hines, for  
library work..... 5 00  
Schr. B. L. Townsend, for library  
work..... 2 00  
H. D. Kennedy, seaman of the ship  
General McLellan, for lib'y work. .... 50  
Peekskill, 1st Pres. ch., of wh. S. S.  
for lib'y, \$25..... 58 29  
Poughkeepsie, 2nd Ref church..... 35 32  
Rhinebeck, Thomas H. Suckley, for  
lib's in name of Rutsen Suckley... 1,000 00  
Stapleton, Frank H. Moffat, for lib'y  
in memory of his father, Dr.  
Thomas Clarkson Moffat..... 20 00

### PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, "Jesus' Little Lambs"  
of Olivet Pres. ch. S. S., Primary  
Department, for library..... 20 00

### OHIO.

Barton, received balance of bequest  
of Mrs. Lucinda Beach, deceased,  
late of Burton, Ohio, per P. Hitch-  
cock, Ex..... 465 85

### SCOTLAND.

Greenock, A Friend, for library..... 20 09

### ERRATUM.

The donation acknowledged in Receipts for August, 1885, (MAGAZINE for October, 1885, p 328,) as from Pawtucket Falls, Mass., should have read,—Lowell, Mass., Pawtucket S. S., three classes, for library, \$20.

\$21,754 23





"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

## The Book Tommy Tucker Hid.

BY ERNEST EARLSTON.

As I went down to the meadow this morning, whom should I see but Tommy Tucker half buried in a cosy heap of Farmer Brown's new hay. He was reading out of a book with yellow-paper covers; but when I came near he gave a little start, closed the book, and slipped it out of sight. Tommy and I are quite good friends, so I knew, when he put the book away so quickly, that it was something that he was a little ashamed of.

"A bright day to you, Tommy Tucker," I said. "Don't you let me stop your reading. Indeed, if your book is so interesting as it seemed to be a minute ago, and if you don't object, I wish you would read aloud."

Tommy's face flushed crimson.

"I—I don't think you would care for the story, Mr. Earlston; and I'd—I'd rather talk."

Now, this was so unlike the straightforward Tommy Tucker, who tells me all his little secrets, that I said right out:—

"Surely, Tommy Tucker doesn't read books that he is ashamed to let his friends see."

The blush which had begun to die out of Tommy Tucker's face came back with a deeper glow.

"I don't know that it's very wrong," he said. "It's only a book about a boy who went off to kill Indians, and who fought six highwaymen single-handed and beat them all, and rescued a lot of soldiers who had been captured, and had a great many other wonderful adventures. I'll show you the book," continued Tommy.

"No, don't," I said. "I don't want to read any book that you think bad enough to hide from me."

Tommy looked hurt, but did not say anything; so I went on:—

"You see, Tommy, I am just taking your own judgment on the book. It isn't so very wrong, you say; and yet it is so wrong that you would rather I hadn't seen it, neither would you like to go home and read it to your little brothers. If it isn't a wicked book, it is a foolish book. Who ever heard of a boy who did the wonderful things that your hero does in the story every day? It isn't likely that you'll ever be called upon to fight a band of highwaymen, and it isn't likely that you'll whip them single-handed if you have to fight them."

Tommy was still silent.

"May I ask you a question, Tommy?"

Does the reading of that book make you study your lessons better, or make you more content at home, or fit you better for the every-day work you have to do? Or does it take you away from your lessons, make you discontented with home, make you want to do impossible things, instead of the plain things that God gives you to do?"

"You are right, Mr. Earlston," said Tommy, forgetting that I had only asked some questions, and that he was really answering the accusation of his own conscience. "You are right. It is a foolish book; and if it isn't wicked, it was making me wicked. It was making me careless in everything. Mother doesn't know why my school averages were lower last week, and why I forgot some errands that I had to do. She didn't know about the book. I didn't want her to know. I'll never read a book again that I don't want her to know of."

He took the yellow book from his pocket, and tore it to pieces.

"Tommy Tucker," I said, "you will never go far wrong if you don't hide anything from your mother."—*S. S. Times.*

### Ragged Jack.

I was once doing my best to interest the children of a mission school. The task was difficult, for they were a hard set, of rude and rough material, full of animal life, but small in religious development. My words and illustrations accomplished little. I was worried by the overflow of their turbulent natures, here and there a shrill whistle, and once by an actual somersault in the isle. In my despair I was on the point of giving up all attempt for their good, when I caught sight of a single face in the crowd aglow with interest. The face was that of a barefooted boy, his only clothing a shirt and trousers. I saw by his kindled eyes and earnest look that I had him fast, and encouraged, made the most of my opportunity. The service closed, for a

few moments I was occupied with the superintendent of the school upon details, and then looked for my boy. He was gone, but as I went out I found him at the door. Asking him in and sitting down, I drew him to my knees. At first he was very timid, but gradually and very soon he was at ease.

"Where do you live, my little fellow?"

"I lives nowhere," was his answer. "I just stays in Slingstone Alley. I has no father, no mother, but folks down there lets me stay with 'em. And I begs, I do."

"Slingstone Alley," I said, "where is that? I never heard of it."

"Oh," was the reply, "it is a rum place down by the river. We coves call it so coz we throws stones at each other and at the dogs and cats. Lots of 'em there."

"Did you hear what I said to-day about Jesus?"

"You bet I did, mister. Where does he live?"

"In heaven."

"What a jolly place it must be. S'pose he would let such a feller as me live with him?"

And the little waif looked down upon his soiled, bare feet and over his ragged clothing.

"I wants a place, mister. Nobody wants me down there. They kicks me and cuffs me hard. Look."

He rolled up his trousers and pointed to black and bruised legs.

"That's what they does to me. S'pose that Jesus would take me to live with him? I would try to be good and black his boots every morning, only the boys have stole my kit. P'raps he would trust me to get a new one. Wont you speak to him, mister? Seems like you knows him. Tell him that Ragged Jack, that's my name, wants to live with him, and he'll be powerful good all the time."

Need I say that Jack was taken to my heart,—that then and there a new life be-



gan for us both? How he went to live with Jesus, and what came of it, Jack is telling for himself out in the great world of thought and action to-day.

Courage, Christian workers. Sow beside all waters. Some seed shall catch, and harvests shall come to gladden earth and heaven.—*Rev. F. B. Wheeler, in Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

### Our Little Joe.

In a Newsboys' Home a visitor observed a child's high-chair standing in the corner of the dining-room. "Have you a child here?" he asked of the matron.

"No; that is our little Joe's," she said. A sudden silence followed. Even the boys standing near checked their noise and skirmishing for a few minutes.

"Who was Joe?" asked the visitor.

"A little fellow," said the matron, "who came to us when he was but six years old. He was a humpback and a cripple, never having grown after he was five. But he was a bright, pushing little fellow, and a very affectionate child. He slept here, and took most of his meals here. That is his chair. I—I gave it to him. The superintendent said I favored him. Well, I was fond of Joe.

"We have a savings bank into which the boys put their pennies or dimes every week. It gives them the habit of economy. Joe began saving when he first came to us. He would bring his five or ten cents every Saturday, laughing. 'I'm saving up to have a home of my own when I'm grown up,' he would say. He had neither father nor mother, nor any kinsfolk, and I don't know what was the boy's idea of a home of his own. He was very happy here,—a sort of ruler among the other boys. Yet he went on saving, and always for that purpose. He was never a strong boy, and when he was sixteen years old a heavy cold he took went to his lungs. It only needed a week or two to make an end of his poor little body. One day he said to me, just after

the clergyman had been with him, 'That money I've saved, it will be enough to pay the doctor and buy a coffin for me.' 'But, Joe,' I said, 'how about the home of your own?' He did not answer me at first, and then he smiled, saying, 'That's all right,' and he held my hand tight; 'I'll have it. That's all right.' The next day it was all over. We took Joe's money and paid the doctor, and bought him a coffin. It didn't need a big one. The boys clubbed together, giving ten cents each, and bought a lovely pillow of white roses, with 'Our Joe' on it. Every boy got a tag of black on his arm to go to the funeral. He had his own home then, sir. But wherever he was, I think the roses must have pleased him."

She fell behind as we passed on and dusted little Joe's chair with her apron, setting it reverently apart into a quiet corner.—*Youth's Companion.*

"AND I DON'T KNOW HIM."—These tearful words lately broke upon the stillness of a death chamber, thrilling the ears of bystanders, as they burst from the lips of a dying woman:—"I am going to God, and I don't know Him!"

### "Hallowed Be Thy Name."

How shall I use His Name aright,  
Who sits enthroned in glory bright,  
Up in that heaven so great and high,  
Beyond\* the clouds and stars and sky;  
Before whose face archangels bow,  
And take the crowns from off their brow?

Surely a child should careful be  
To use that Name on bended knee.  
Surely his chastened lip should seek  
With reverence that Name to speak.  
Surely no idle thought should blend  
With the GREAT NAME† of such a friend!

Then let us speak it soft and slow,  
With reverent hearts and voices low  
And let our humblest accents rise  
To God, the only great and wise.  
Who stoops from His bright throne to  
hear

The child that prays with holy fear.

\* Eph. iv, 10.

† Deut. xxviii, 58.

### Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1885, was 8,249; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,859; the total shipments aggregating 17,108. The number of volumes in these libraries was 441,434, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 315,987 men. Nine hundred and fifty-one libraries, with 34,236 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,450 men.—One hundred and twelve libraries were placed in one hundred and twelve Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 4,032 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and ninety-six Keepers and surfmen.*

During September, 1885, forty-five loan libraries, seventeen new and twenty-eight reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,296, and 8,298-8,306, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 8,408, 8,416-8,421, inclusive, at Boston.

*The twenty-eight libraries reshipped were:—*

No. 5,137;	No. 5,934;	No. 7,094;	No. 7,456;	No. 7,872;	No. 8,007;	No. 8,084;
" 5,227;	" 6,023;	" 7,139;	" 7,526;	" 7,884;	" 8,021;	" 8,114;
" 5,408;	" 6,048;	" 7,241;	" 7,577;	" 7,896;	" 8,061;	" 8,117;
" 5,690;	" 6,861;	" 7,350;	" 7,615;	" 7,981;	" 8,079;	" 8,140.

### A Hallowed Sabbath.

The benign influence of a hallowed Sabbath will diffuse itself along the week, will sweeten the atmosphere of your home, and tell its tale of blessing in domestic harmony and growing indoor comfort. It will send you with elastic step and a clear, calm head, with peaceful conscience and unruffled temper, to your Monday morning's employ. It will keep a sharp thorn out of your dying pillow; and if it lead you to the tomb of a risen Savior will more than reconcile you to your own.—*James Hamilton, D. D.*

WHEN THE RICHEST American of his day was in his last fatal sickness a Christian proposed to sing for him, and the hymn he named was "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy." "Yes, yes," replied the dying millionaire, "sing that for me, I feel poor and needy." Yet at that moment the stock markets of the globe were watching and waiting for the demise of the man who could shake them with a nod of his head. "Poor and needy!" How the sand sweeps from under a man's soul in such an hour as that!—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

### American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

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*District Secretary:—*

REV. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

THE LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*



# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

*Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.*

It will also, *upon application*, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, *gratuitously*, should give annual notices of their desire for its continuance.

## Form of a Bequest.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

## Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 422 South Front St. Penn.	" " " "	Capt. E. S. Lippincott.
WILMINGTON, N. C., Front & Dock Sts. Wilm.	" " " "	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society...	Mrs. S. C. Clarke.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	Daniel Swannack.
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " "	E. Dunscombe.
NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored).....	do.....	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners' House.	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St ..	Seamen's Aid Society.....	Mrs. Wingate and Son.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H.G.-O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....		Miss Ellen Brown.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y.	R. S. Stubbs.

## Mariners' Churches.

Location.	Sustained by	Ministers.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison..	New York Port Society....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Robert J. Walker.
No. 365 West Street, N. R.....	" " " ".....	" T. A. Hyland.
Open Air Service, Coenties Slip..	" " " ".....	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street .....	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets...	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard...	Am. Sea. Friend Society....	" E. N. Crane.
Van Brunt, near President St.....	" " " ".....	" E. O. Bates.
BOSTON, North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	(Supplied.)
Cor. Hanover and Fleet Streets...	Baptist Bethel Society....	" H. A. Cooke.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" J. P. Pierce.
Bethel, 175 Hanover St.....	Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" S. S. Nickerson.
East Boston Bethel.....	Methodist.....	" L. B. Bates.
PORTLAND, ME., Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	" F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St.	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" J. W. Thomas.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" J. D. Butler.
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts.	Presbyterian.....	" H. F. Lee.
Catharine Street.....	Episcopal.....	" W. B. Erben.
Front Street, above Navy Yard..	Baptist.....	" "
	Methodist.....	" "
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.		" H. A. Cleveland.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts...	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" E. N. Harris.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Baltimore S. B.....	" Chas. McElfresh.
NORFOLK.....	{ American & Norfolk Sea. }	" R. R. Murphy.
	Friend Societies.	" J. B. Merritt.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society...	Capt. W. J. Potter
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	Rev. C. E. Chichester.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " ".....	Richard Webb.
MOBILE, Church Street near Water..		" "
NEW ORLEANS, La.....	Independent.....	" L. H. Pease.
GALVESTON, Tex., 22nd St. & Broadway	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	" E. O. McIntire.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " ".....	" J. Rowell.
" " " ".....	Chaplain Sailors' Home....	" E. A. Ludwick.
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# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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## OBJECTS AND METHODS OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.**
- 2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, the HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, CHILLI, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLES, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, and upon the LABRADOR COAST, N. A.,—and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, and endeavor to supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** and **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among seamen and others.—The Society also publishes the **LIFE BOAT**, for the use of Sabbath-Schools.

3.—The provision of **LOAN LIBRARIES**, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, up to April 1st, 1885, is 8,249. Calculating 8,859 reshipments, their 441,434 volumes have been accessible to more than 315,987 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of **SAILORS' HOMES**, **READING ROOMS**, **SAVINGS' BANKS**, the distribution of **BIBLES**, **TRACTS**, &c. The **SAILORS' HOME**, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any **SAILORS' HOME** in the world. It has accommodated 100,000 boarders, and has saved to seamen and their relatives, more than \$1,500,000. Its moral and religious influence cannot be fully estimated, but very many seamen, have there been led to Christ. Shipwrecked sailors are constantly provided for at the HOME. A missionary of the Society is in attendance, and religious and Temperance meetings are held daily.